

T H E  
Whigs Address  
T O  
His MAJESTY.

*May it please Your MAJESTY,*



E who were never yet at quiet,  
Lovers of CHANGE, DISORDER, RIOT,  
*Old Sticklers* for a COMMON-WEALTH,  
(If you believe us) wish you Health,  
A long, a safe, a prosperous Reign;  
(The wicked *Tories* think we feign:)  
We who all Monarchy despise,  
Hope to find Favour in your Eyes;  
Think you a *Protestant* so hearty  
As not to Disoblige our PARTY,  
And humbly beg at any Rate  
To be CHIEF MINISTERS OF STATE,  
Or else your Person we shall hate:  
For tho' Religion bears the name,  
It's GOVERNMENT is all our Aim.  
We'll be as Faithful and as Just  
As to your Uncle, *Charles* the First:  
Grant this Request, your Cause we'll own,  
And ease the Burthen of the Crown;  
Make it the Easiest e'er was worn,  
You'll scarcely know you've any on.  
But if (*Great SIR,*) we find you slight us,  
Our selves can tell which way to Right us;  
And let you know, by sad Disasters,  
Tho' you are Lord, yet we are Masters.  
This Truth you cannot chuse but know,  
We prov'd it sixty Years ago;  
Yet shall you find us now on Tryal,  
Your faithfull Subjects, OR WE LYE ALL!



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